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VOL. XXVII.

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STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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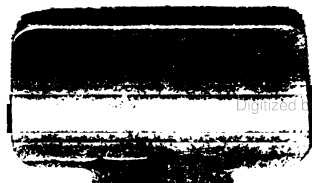
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. IX.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '63.

E. B. BINGHAM,

S. W. DUFFIELD,

J. H. BUTLER,

C. W. FRANCIS,

J. F. KERNOCHAN.

Party Spirit.

IF a Republican form of government has peculiar elements of strength, it has also those of weakness. And these are, to a great extent, both dependent upon the same circumstance,—the intimate connection between the government and the people.

As an element of strength, this makes every citizen, directly and deeply interested in the maintenance and defense of the government; as an element of weakness, it makes the government dependent for its policy and support upon a vacillating public opinion, and hence furnishes the occasion for the strife of factions, and the schemes of partizans.

Both these ideas in relation to our own country are receiving a forcible illustration in the events of to-day. On the one hand, the government has shown a strength and vitality, unmatched in history, in the tremendous resources it has called forth, through the voluntary devotion of its citizens; on the other hand, it has shown an equally signal weakness and timidity in the application of those resources. It has gone on more than a twelve-month, with no definite, settled policy upon the very question, of all others, needing an early and clear decision; and it has done this, from no fear of its enemies, or dread of retaliation, but confessedly on account of a regard for a few of its professed friends. Granting that this course was rendered prudent by the exigencies of the case, and was therefore the wisest possible, and

it only shows that the Government is weak, even in its demonstrations of power; the mail-clad giant, with an arm of steel, has the heart of a child. The reason of all this is very plain. The intense party excitement which preceded and attended the election of the present Administration, and which was kept at a fever pitch, by the controversies and discussions of the succeeding winter, made it hesitate to incur the risk of crippling its resources, by offending the political prejudices and interfering with the political schemes of a considerable part of the loyal people. And so it has been hampered in all its action, by the conditions, remonstrances or opposition of some of its professed supporters; sophistries and cobwebs which the executive of an absolute power would have swept away in an instant, at the first blast of war.

Our Government may have acted wisely, in thus yielding to the prejudices of factions and sections, but the logic of events, and the discipline of suffering is now teaching it the wisdom of a far different course for the future. It may have erred in yielding so much, probably has in yielding so long, and yet, until the secret history of these great events is made public, and we have the personal narratives of the great actors, we shall not realize how great the peril of any different course would have been, or how near we had approached to the precipice of complete ruin, in that eventful Spring of '61.

Precisely this danger was had in mind by the founders of our Government when they introduced into our system those variations from a pure Democracy. Most of the changes they brought in, were such as were calculated to discourage party feeling and restrain its power for evil. It is now debated whether they made these barriers strong enough.

It is questioned, whether they made the central power sufficiently independent, and whether it would not be an improvement to extend the terms of office. But the great question is now, as it always has been, whether public intelligence and public virtue can be maintained at so high a standard as to make it safe to entrust the people with supreme power.

We have always acknowledged that our form of government was an experiment; and yet, in the face of this acknowledgment, and the history of all attempts at self-government in the past, we have gone steadily, confidently forward. We are not disposed to surrender all upon the occurrence of this temporary check in our onward career. We yet expect to vindicate the righteousness of the principle, by the success of the experiment.

It must be a most interesting pursuit, to trace the history of the

rise and fall of parties in our country, and mark how much of the nation's history is bound up in theirs. It would furnish us some impressive lessons in regard to the control exerted over men by ideas, and names associated with ideas, as well as names which have lost their ideas. We should see how great systems of evil seized control of one after another of the party organizations, and through them prolonged their own existence, and directed the nation's policy. We should also see how necessarily such circumstances caused political parties to verge around on to moral ground, and how this result was caused, both by the direct opposition to the prevalence of iniquity, and by the reaction consequent upon the success of wrong.

In all the revolutions of parties, for the past sixty years, the great underlying principles have not essentially changed. They have only become more clearly defined and tangible. The elements of power and influence have been crystalizing around these central ideas; the latent forces have been concentrating energy, and in the fullness of time, the great conflict is transferred from the field of mind, to the field of muscle.

With these facts in view, it is idle to assert that party spirit, or the existence of certain parties, have caused this great conflict. These were only symptoms and occasions, not causes. As well say that the downfall of Grecian Liberty was caused by the existence of certain parties or factions, when they only indicated the antecedent decay of virtue, and the loss of the capacity for liberty.

And yet, while we cannot assign to parties and party spirit the dignity of prime causes, we can see how their influence has been potent, and can read their effects in every incident and stage of the wondrous history.

We were led into this thought by some reflections upon the position of our own Commonwealth at the present time. The statement is sometimes made, that Connecticut contains a relatively larger number of sympathizers with treason, than any other free State. Such statements, together with the somewhat notorious disloyal action of some of its prominent citizens, and the alleged difficulty in securing prompt enlistments in the army of the Union, have tended to affix a stigma of indifference, if not of disloyalty, to the people of the State. Knowing the essential truth of most of these allegations, from which this inference is sought to be drawn, and having a justifiable pride in the fair name of a State whose record has hitherto been a glorious one, we have desired to account for these facts, in some way which would be satisfactory, and at the same time remove all unwor-

thy imputations. In the first place, this state of things does not arise from any traditional disloyalty to the great ideas upon which our government is founded; as can be easily shown in regard to South Carolina. The slaves of Connecticut were never numerous and were early set free, and no aristocratic class has ever had precedence within her borders.

Her record for the Revolutionary period, equals, or excels in brightness, that of any other State. In the second war with Great Britain, she bore a great burden of suffering, more than atoning for any lack of positive service.

Thus, from the early Colonial days down to the present hour, she has ever been ready to respond promptly, and to the extent of her means, to every call which rightful authority or allegiance to the principles of Liberty have made upon her.

Neither can we attribute the fact to any lack of general intelligence, since, by the educational statistics, no other State in the world, with the exception of Prussia, ranks so high in this respect.

It is not largely a result of the peculiar trade of the State, though this has undoubtedly had its effect.

It can only be accounted for, by taking into view the history of parties and party movements for several years past. For a score of years or more, the State has been very evenly divided between two political parties, though they have not always existed under the same names. At almost any time within this period, the change of a thousand votes would change the government of the State. There have consequently been the most exciting party campaigns at almost every annual election, often extending themselves, with equal violence, to the semi-annual elections. Party spirit has raged to an extent hardly known in any other State. A whole generation has grown up under such political influences. The result is a harvest of bitter partizan prejudice and bigotry.

Moreover, the State is cursed with the presence of a race of as corrupt politicians as can be found outside of New York City. They are comparatively few in number, and small in ability, and yet they contrive, by shrewd management, to wield a prodigious influence.

When conspirators of thirty years standing, openly assault our noble government, these small demagogues see nothing in it but a justifiable opposition to an unwelcome political rule, and therefore say it is "not unreasonable." Ex-Governors, belonging to that same class, then occupying positions of trust and power, directly aided the conspirators, and still lend them support and comfort. Some who go

forth to fight at the call of patriotism, go forth under the paternal ban. Large classes, proposing to enlist, are dissuaded, because, forsooth, their absence will weaken the political power of a few of these demagogues.

All these things are only indications, that in some breasts at least, the pure flame of patriotism has been extinguished by the baser fire of party spirit, just as the hot, seething lava-stream quenches the fire upon the cottage hearth. Yet in spite of all this direct sympathy with the rebellion, the loyal people of the State are doing their whole duty, and under the guidance of their noble Governor, will preserve its fair fame untarnished. To do this they are called to, and will gladly make, unusual sacrifices.

Thus far in the struggle Connecticut soldiers have done her great credit. Forming the rear guard upon retreat, as at Bull Run and Winchester, and the front of the advance, as at Roanoke and Newbern, they have everywhere honored themselves and their cause. Of her officers she may be equally proud.

The country looks with a sad and reverent interest upon that small spot of Connecticut soil, where repose the ashes of the brave Lyon, the nation's "early loved and lost."

Her gallant Foote presses her bosom with the crutches won in brilliant service, and seeks invigoration and energy from her pure air for greater achievement.

If, now, inquiry is made why party spirit has raged so high, and why political parties have been so evenly matched, notwithstanding the great increase of intelligence, and the frequent change of party names and party platforms; we confess we cannot account for it, but in part.

The state is comparatively small, the terms of office short, the number of offices large, their value small, and owing to the absence of any large cities, the local press has a peculiar influence in controlling the political movements and moulding the character of the people of the State. The immigration of foreigners has mainly strengthened one party, the emigration of native-born has weakened the other to an extent hardly compensated by the accessions resulting from the increased intelligence, and improved moral tone of the people.

All these causes, and others of a kindred nature, have had their influence, and combined, have made the political history of the State deeply interesting in its relation to the present character of the people.

Let patriots in other States wait patiently for the somewhat slower

movements of their crippled sister, and Connecticut will be surpassed by none in her devotion, and effective service in the cause of liberty and the Union.

This subject, though somewhat different from those usually considered in the Lit., has for us, its practical side.

As a matter of fact, many of the most violent partizans and most unscrupulous political schemers, are found among the recent graduates of our Colleges. For this their College training must be in good part responsible. We have here our political contests, and carry them on with all the spirit and energy of those upon the broader field of the State.

We go further, and descend to the base deceits and wily arts of the practiced politician, and thus acquire a most dangerous familiarity with them, and skill in their use, which only lacks the temptation of larger opportunity, to hurry us swift and far along the slippery path.

And the worst feature about these contests is, that they are mostly mere struggles for place and honor, and in the nature of the case, can seldom rise to the dignity of contests for an idea or a principle.

We are, therefore, the more likely to gain from them, not moral tone and healthy enthusiasm, but rather, a partizan dexterity, and a feverish passion to engage in party strifes, for the sole end of success. We can guard against these results, only by keeping in view the insignificant nature of most of these contests, and the entire avoidance of everything which bears the taint of meanness and falsehood.

We are at this time passing through one of these contests; our great annual campaign, as we rather grandiloquently call it. We are all well acquainted with the excesses which have marked this struggle in years past, and the unsuccessful efforts which have been made to remove them; unsuccessful, not from any radical defect in the plan proposed and tried, but, confessedly, because the moral sentiment of the College did not sustain it. It is vain to say that these excesses are necessary incidents of the campaign; were it true, they would not be our disgrace. It is never necessary for scholars and gentlemen to descend to the arts of the demagogue or the muscle of the bully. The campaign between the Brothers and Linonia *need* not be for a mere numerical majority, since the incoming class is not so unknown, as some, in arguing upon this subject, have urged us to believe.

The campaign between the Freshman Societies, which commences as early and is carried on at the same time with the other, proves this, since there, the best men are sought, and usually obtained, and the question of numbers hardly enters into the account.

We would fain believe that there has been, within a few years, a decided tendency towards the reformation of some of these evils; we trust the present year will witness a more decided advance in the same direction. It needs only the emphatic utterance of the better part of College, to change public sentiment; to remove what is now our crying shame; to make the moral distinctions involved, clear as sunlight; to persuade us, in this important sphere of our College life, to honorable, MANLY action.

C. W. F.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ORATION.*

War a Moral Blessing or Curse to a Nation.

BY JAMES P. BLAKE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ORATION.

God bids men dwell in peace, and wherever there is no peace *His Law* has been broken. A war right on both sides was *never*. One party or both fights against society, against God.

But He who commands Peace, with even more emphasis ordains *Justice*. And to secure it He has established society upon it as a corner-stone, and has graven the moral law on every man's heart; so that whoever assaults *Justice* rouses against him our whole nature in holy indignation.

It is not for me to vindicate the Creator. Enough that He has so framed society that it must maintain Justice or perish, and so formed us that outrageous crime enkindles a glow of Divine wrath,—not transient like passion, nor blind like rage, but lasting, wise, resistless.

And then comes War. On the one side Force, Violence; on the other Justice and Law.

Not often indeed do belligerents fully personify these principles. Both may be wrong. But War, when it means anything more than a combat of gladiators, means *Justice* against *Force*.

* This oration was withdrawn for competition for the DeForest prize, on account of the illness of the author.

It may then be right and a duty to fight, but the logic of war is not so clear, for it seems to trust the momentous interests of Justice to an accidental preponderance of physical forces.

But *Chance* rules nothing. Everywhere and forever Right makes Might.

Were this world a mass of incoherent phenomena without end or order, actions and results must indeed be determined by a mere balance of forces. We cannot conceive of such a world, yet how little do we appreciate the grand order that surrounds us! Our admiration is spent upon the magnitudes, the beauties, the visual apparitions of Nature; but men whom Science has taught, know of somewhat more grand than the mountains, more glorious than the stars,—a *System of Law*,—all-embracing, all-pervading, one and eternal.

And so in the moral world; if we could look beyond appearances we should see all elements of society organized and marshalled, like an army with banners, for the great war against sin, of which this world is the battle-field.

There is then in Nature the law of *Order*, and in the moral world the law of *Right*, but these two are one. Our narrow intelligence does not realize that the visible and the invisible are both ruled by the same Power, and according to one Law. But in God's omniscience all is unity, and Right, Order, Justice, are the single principle upon which Nature and Society are organized.

Therefore *Right* has on its side all organic forces; whatever is not in harmony with it, is transient, exceptional, perishing. Against it what an insignificant thing is human force! How weak against Nature's order alone! What then is the hope of Might when arrayed against all the powers and forces of the universe—that is, against Right?

But does war always result in favor of Justice? Sooner or later, yes. Battles are lost sometimes, provinces overrun, cities destroyed; there is *truce* between the unjust victor and the righteous crushed,—but it is the stillness between the throes of an earthquake. War is never *settled* till it is *settled right*.

II. But an age of mawkish sentiment,—whose God is a false Philanthropy, and whose Devil is Mammon,—abhors human bloodshed as if it were of necessity a sacrifice to Moloch. Dilettanti philosophers assume to strip God of His attributes of terror. Weak-backed Statesmen cry out for compromise with injustice. Feminine authors execrate the wickedness of war. But for all that, men's hearts thrill with a glow of something which is *not malignity* when they think of fighting for their country. And spite of all theorizing, the moment

of invasion men give up their Eutopian notions, forsake every earthly interest and affection, and go out to battle, with motives as far from selfishness as the heavens are above the earth!

Oh it is glorious the transforming power of this holy hatred of injustice! I have seen men whose souls were so encrusted with selfish meanness that the heaviest blow of affliction could not penetrate, nor the holiest appeal of sorrow soften, whose hearts were suddenly made flesh by righteous indignation. We all remember—not long ago, when the uproar of factions and the din of self-seeking were resounding through the land,—how the first gun of war stilled the tumult. For a moment the nation stood transfixed, gazing and listening. And then there rose instead of bustle and contention, the consenting voice of the whole people avowing before Heaven “Until righteous peace be conquered let all else be forgotten; let ploughshares be beaten into swords, and pruning hooks into spears, let Industry sleep and Faction perish, but *the nation shall be saved!*”

But what is that whose transforming power can thus make in this weak, selfish world, a whole people magnanimous and self-sacrificing?

It is Reverence for Justice. When this awakes in the soul against violence, its enthralling power expels all meaner concerns, its divine energy elevates the whole man to a higher level of being. Pure motive leads irresistibly to pure faith. Then, if ever, men feel that there is a God, and that He *rules*. Then if ever, they put faith in *Right* as against *Might*; and the spontaneous utterance of patriotism finds expression in the chorus—

“Then conquer we must,
Our cause it is just,
And this be our motto
In God is our trust!”

So it is that the nation is led to invoke God’s arbitrament in the conflict, and His blessing on the righteous cause. Before high Heaven the appeal goes up: For the spirit of self-sacrifice and valor; for firmness in trial; for humility and clemency in success; for victory in battle. Those prayers, sincere, devout, and on the side of justice, are never made in vain!

We have seen how the prosecution of a just war tends to develop in a nation the three elements of moral greatness; Reverence for Justice, the spirit of Self-sacrifice, and the Fear of God. In these consist, as colors blend in the sun-beam, Fortitude, Humility, Generosity, Charity, Hope, Faith. Rainbow of Promise! foretelling a nation

great and strong. Banner of Glory ! inspiring to truth and honor. Better in war than the shield of Pallas or the spear of Mars. Better in peace than wealth of soil, or of mines, or of the skies. Better in history than science and art, or all literature and learning. Better for the nation's life than bulwarks of defense or centuries of peace and prosperity. And purchased at whatever price of blood and treasure—purchased cheaply !

III. But it is only to the righteous party that war proves a blessing. It is a false analogy to liken war to a thunder-storm which purifies *the whole* air. And by such errors are nations encouraged to useless and unjust conflicts. “Are not wars mere organic convulsions decreed in the laws of human development? Are not assailant and assailed alike performing a useful function in society?” To ignore thus the essence of war as a strife of Force against Justice, its logic as of Might against Right, and its only excuse,—Necessity—is the first step to a lawless military ambition. And such was the blindness and perversity of the great conquerors who have scourged the earth. I know not from whose lips could have come more fitly that reported saying of Napoleon,—“Providence is on the side of the heaviest battalions.” Hypocrite and atheist ! Pretending to believe in God, and denying his existence in the same breath !

But atheism and hypocrisy are the inevitable curse of those who engage in unjust war. It is in the face of heaven that they do injustice and offer the abominable incense of blasphemous prayers. They dare not acknowledge their cause to be evil, but they dare insult heaven by their profane invocations !

But God is not mocked. Their blasphemy recoils upon them ; their rapacity becomes more reckless,—their hypocrisy more shameless—their ferocity more mad. And in the same degree their counsels become distracted, their plans confounded, their guilty hopes amazed. Every one knows how his own strength is sometimes made as naught by evil desires pitted one against another within him. What then must a *state* be, whose citizens, restrained by no fear of God or regard for man, have conspired to assault justice ! Selfishness in one form pitted against selfishness in another,—jealousy and doubt thwarting strategy,—sordid meanness crippling policy,—timidity and audacity vacillating in council,—rapacity and cruelty causing cowardice in action,—ruinous vices, contagion and death in camp.

Then comes the trial,—the thunder and lightning of battle,—the furious bolt, the hail storms of death,—the cataracts of living steel plunging headlong. In this maelstrom of horrors, who are sustained by an un-

faltering trust? *Not* those who are fighting against God. Who impelled by righteous valor and resolve? *Not* those who have exorcised this fiendish scene from hell for their own guilty ends. Who helped and guided by an unseen Power? *Not* those who have called down retribution by this waste of blood—

“Whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.”

And if there come momentary victory to such arms, it but aggravates all evil tendencies. A foe more terrible than they have vanquished confronts them. Demoralization lurks in the shadow of triumph, it walks in darkness like the pestilence,—no force can withstand, no skill avert. Before its breath armies vanish like a morning frost. Victory fades to defeat, defeat blackens into ruin.

The best hope for a nation which wages an unjust war, is that it be defeated. If its crimes are thus speedily checked and punished, their consequent evils may be arrested, and such chastisement even be a spring of penitence and moral life. But if God curses it with victory and allows it to persist in its violent career, its race must sooner or later end in death. Like all evil passions, the lust of conquest grows constantly more deadly, and more blind to its own fatal effects. I have not the heart to draw the picture farther. Go to the history of all the ancient military nations and read the last few pages, concluded with those melancholy words, “The End.” Saddest in all that sad story will be, not horrors of blood and battle, but that exhausted life which can fight no longer; not ashes of splendid cities, but the smouldering ruins of a *nation*, burned out in the fire itself had kindled for others!

IV. I cannot conclude without reference to events transpiring around us, whose momentous interest would almost cause the very stones to cry out.

The American Civil War is called but a few months old; it has existed for more than two centuries.

War is *force* against *justice*.

Wherever force in any way prevails over right, there is war *latent*, when justice begins to assert itself, war is *incipient*, and unless its voice be regarded, then must come war *actual*. When Slavery entered this continent it brought the seeds of war, when it sprung into political power they began to bear fruit, and now we are reaping the bloody harvest. Thank God that the issue between Justice and Force is

made so clearly and so early in the nation's history! Thank God that the war is now between armed men, and no longer of a whole nation against helpless Slaves!

The end who can doubt? If Justice can *never* yield to Force, how shall it not speedily triumph when the first is identified with Liberty and Law, the last with Slavery and Rebellion? No,—it is permitted us to look forward with joyful confidence to the time when this nation shall again be *one*, not through hollow compromises and political chicanery, but one in affection and interest, one in the fear of God and the love of man, one in all truth and liberty.

Then through the length and breadth of the land shall rise a hymn of gratitude for the blessing this war will have been to us.

In that while we were haughty and vain-glorious, greedy of gain and of pleasure, covetous of others' possessions, stolid of conscience, tolerant of injustice, forgetful of God; He has called us by His chastening to better things; teaching us faith by humiliation, magnanimity by adversity, and justice through the violence of war.

May we not hope that with that great anthem there shall mingle a sweeter chord,—the song of Miriam,—joy for a people led out of the house of bondage into the light and hope of Liberty!

Handel's Oratorios.

A man can gain fame by excellence in any old pursuit, to which he may devote himself;—he may claim immortality when he opens a new sphere of action, or materially exalts or develops some known branch of labor. It is originality, either in whole or in part, which receives the unhesitating admiration of the world. Addison purified English literature, both in matter and style, and so gained an enduring name. The great painters of the Old School breathed new life into the pictorial art, and their fame comes down to us interwoven with the imperishability of the subjects they represented. Handel would have been favorably known as a Composer by his Concertos and Operas; but his Psalms and Te Deums surpassed the former, and his Oratorios the latter, and challenged for him a grateful immortality. It was

his developing and exalting a worthy object of labor, that gained for him his renown.

Two general tests will enable us to judge with sufficient accuracy of the merits of these Oratorios;—intrinsic excellence, and the adaptation of the musical theme to the words. A piece of music is perfect, just so far as it embodies the ideas which it is meant to represent. A work, therefore, perfectly adapted, is intrinsically excellent. On the other hand, one divorced from the ideas and words to which it is wedded, may be a fine specimen of composition; but in union with them, a total failure. Hence I have only to show that the ideas represented by these Oratorios are of lofty nature, and that the Oratorios aptly convey these ideas, and I have proved their intrinsic excellence.

An Oratorio, by its nature, implies a lofty subject. The words are either taken directly from the Scriptures, or dramatized from some incident contained in them. To the Messiah, which has, deservedly, the highest reputation, the Bible has given of its most sublime passages, and Handel generously attributes its success to this fact.

I take, for particular consideration, the Israel in Egypt, and the Messiah. The first tells the tale of the captivity of the Israelites; the plagues visited upon their masters; their escape from the "house of bondage;" their pursuit, and their ultimate triumphant passage of the Red Sea. Here, then, all the incidents happening to six hundred thousand, and their foes, are to be depicted musically. Evidently, solos would afford only feeble representation; and in turning to the Oratorio, we find that a large majority, in fact seven-eighths of it, is choral. Furthermore, as giving additional strength, we find a large number of the choruses are written in eight parts.

We are struck by the opening chorus, a double one, whose slow minor, in two themes, with a closing passage in plain harmony, sends forth the mournful complaint, "And the children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage." Again, as if by the rod of Moses himself, the wildness of the Hailstone Chorus transports us to the dwellings of the Israelites, whence, in safety, we view the unnatural storm. The rattling accompaniment, the vigorous responses of the choruses, and the boldness of the whole design, paint, with fearful truthfulness, the awful tempest. Man, beasts, the fruits of earth are cut down; the thunder rolls and crashes; the hail clatters; the fire roars as it runs along the ground; the waters hiss and seethe as in a red-hot cauldron. Another chorus, describing the gathering of the water in the Red Sea into walls, between which the Israelites passed, though of much quieter description, is noticeable for one particular. Its harmony, as

is usual in Handel's music, is generally plain; but on the word "congealed," in the passage, "And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea," he introduces a chord, which, by contrast, is really thrilling. The waters are driven back, the dry land appears, and awe, at this manifestation of Omnipotence, takes hold upon us.

Two more remain to be mentioned; the first, to the words—"The people shall hear and be afraid; sorrow shall take hold on them; all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away; by the greatness of Thine arm, they shall be as still as a stone, till Thy people pass over, O Lord, which Thou hast purchased. The melting away, indicated by parts answering in soft, falling cadences; the passage of the people, two by two, across the bed of the Jordan, represented by duetts following one after another; the slow, emphatic movement; the pleasing minor theme; all combine to render this one of the very finest of these magnificent choruses. But I know not how to give any accurate idea of the immensity of the plan of the closing movement of the Oratorio. It is Miriam's song of praise, joined in by all the rescued Israelites. With them we stand on the shore of that memorable Sea. The waters, suffered to resume their accustomed course, rush together; the maddened billows heave and roll, engulfing in a common destruction the pride of Egypt's warriors, her arms, horses, and chariots. But louder and sweeter than the roar of the sea, or the clash of martial implements, ascends the sublime Psalm, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

From the nature of the subject, the Messiah does not contain so much imitative composition as the Oratorio just considered. The sad, minor Overture, representing, perhaps, the sorrows of a lost world, and its need of a Savior, closes; and a sweet, slow recitative, in the relative major,—“Comfort ye my people,”—comes like a balmy breeze over a fevered brow, and hushes all mourning into peace. I can only hint at a few of the most prominent solos and choruses, though it is hard to omit any.

“Why do the nations rage,” and “The trumpet shall sound,” are the two best Bass solos; the first possessing in a marked degree that boldness which is a characteristic of Handel's writing alone. “O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,” is a charming Alto solo. “He was despised,” is perfect. No one can hear it well performed, unmoved. It brings before us the meek and suffering Saviour, in the depth of his humiliation.

There are three prominent Soprano solos;—“Rejoice greatly, O

daughter of Zion;" "He shall feed his flock;" and the imperishable "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Many object to Handel's melodies, calling them stiff and unnatural. There is, undeniably, a quaintness and formality about them, not calculated to please the modern ear; but they, nevertheless, possess a certain indescribable charm, which takes hold of, and grows upon one's inner feelings, where the easy and flowing melodies of Haydn make no impression.

The chorus, "For unto us a child is born," is most magnificent; the opening theme working up finely into the sublime outburst upon the words, "And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." "Behold the Lamb of God," and "Worthy is the Lamb," are superb choruses; and crowning all is the immortal "Hallelujah." But it is useless to attempt description. Words, at best weak, are here utterly impotent. If the spirit of celestial melody and harmony ever inspired a man, it certainly breathed in Handel when he composed for the world this sublime Oratorio. It stands the monument of the genius which created it, better than bronze pillars or marble statues.

It is to be regretted that we cannot quote in a musical criticism. The thoughts and style of an author can, in ordinary reviewing, be brought directly under the observation of the reader. But music has a language so much its own, and so untransferable, that we must be content with general hints, and apparently needless paraphrases, trusting to the knowledge of those interested in such a subject as this.

These Oratorios,—the Israel in Egypt, and the Messiah,—examined by the test proposed, have stood. Yet they are only representatives. Judas Maccabeus, and Samson, which its author considered almost, if not quite, equal to his best, are worthy of careful study. Handel had immense resources of melody, and managed a fugue with more ease and success than most manage plain harmony. The rapidity with which he wrote was wonderful. Twenty-three days sufficed for the Messiah, and only nineteen after its completion, he begun the Samson, which was finished in thirty-five.

I hardly know how to compare him. Beethoven acknowledged him to be the greatest composer that ever lived. His style is more solid and enduring than either Mozart's or Haydn's. "The Heavens are telling," in the Creation, is sometimes pointed to as the equal of any of Handel's choruses. Grant that it is; yes, suppose it even better; still, Handel is only surpassed in this one instance. But, in fact, this chorus bears the comparison only as some modern Gothic buildings compare with the simple and imperial temples of Greece and Rome. There

is more ornament, and, in some respects, greater finish, in the writings of these two authors, but for grandeur and imperishability, Handel's works are unrivalled. Mendelssohn, in his *St. Paul*, comes nearer than any other to the true dignity of an Oratorio.

In Duetts, Trios, and Quartettes, there can be found those who surpass Handel. In accompaniments, too, he has been eclipsed; though in noticing this defect, we should remember what changes have taken place in the Orchestra since his time. What he is particularly noted for, is the loftiness of the subjects he chose, and the elevated manner in which he treated them. He never belittled anything he attempted, but always rose with his subject into corresponding dignity of conception. We turn page after page of the *Messiah*; study the Recitatives, Arias, and Choruses, and would hardly have a note changed.

And here let me say a word concerning the manner in which we should study these works. A modern novelist, of accurate judgment and undisputed taste, in a chapter on Art-Galleries, remarks:—"A picture, however admirable the painter's art, and wonderful his power, requires of the spectator a surrender of himself in due proportion to the miracle which has been wrought. Let the canvass glow as it may; you must look with the eye of faith, or its highest excellence escapes you. * * * Like all revelations of the higher life, the adequate perception of a great work of Art demands a gifted simplicity of vision." These are undeniable truths, but no more applicable to Painting than to Music. There is a kind of rapture which ensues upon a proper hearing of the latter. It engrosses the whole being; every sense is flooded with delight; a delicious intoxication thrills the soul. It raises above the earth, above every sensuous, material thing, to the spiritual heights of existence. Some never experience this feeling; probably no one has experienced it more than a few times. But it is because we allow ourselves to be distracted; because we do not absorb ourselves in the theme; because we are too fond of fault-finding, and too afraid of any suspicion of enthusiasm. When we throw off this unbelief and coldness, and take the warmth of faith and love to our assistance, we can hope to reap the rich benefits which good music can impart.

A hundred years have come and gone since Handel composed these Oratorios, and they have been an exhaustless fountain of delight. A hundred more may roll away, but neither their strength nor their fullness will decay.

I saw, in a vision, an old man walking on the bank of a cold, dark

river. His frame was bent, his locks white, and in his hands he held a harp. On the other side of the stream, just shining out of the darkness, appeared angelic forms, holding and playing on golden lyres. Their indistinct harmony was wafted across the waves, and the old man caught and played on his mortal harp the strains to which heaven gave birth.

Thus I dreamt that Handel echoed to earth celestial music, and that we, though far away from the river-bank, through him, may hear the seraphs' harpings.

H. K.

The True Student.

COLLEGE life has its own distinct characteristics. The relation which the bona-fide student—I mean the man fairly identified with College ways and habits, and thoroughly imbued with the genuine student spirit—sustains, of necessity, to the world outside of College walls, is at once unique and peculiar.

A great College or University is, in truth, a miniature world of itself, engrossing the attention and supplying the wants of its inhabitants. The student need not to pass out from "Academic shades," or go beyond the limits of "classic" ground, to find his models of life and action, his material for thought, or food for his imagination and his fancy. He is in great measure isolated, and is independent of extraneous influences. This isolation, aside from other considerations, gives to him, in general estimation, at least, a somewhat anomalous character. He is looked upon as a being in some way different from common mortals, and one who can hardly be held amenable to the established forms and usages of society. Thus, in Germany, it is the custom to speak of three classes in the community; men, women, and students. It is often comforting to be *distinguished* for something; but such distinctions as this, cannot be esteemed exceedingly flattering. Mere notoriety can be achieved at all times, and by any class of persons, with the aid of but a small amount of genius or pains-taking.

If, however, the student is confessedly an anomaly, he must be so not in appearance, but in reality. His character, even though it is

not to be judged of by the usual criterions, is far from being unreal or factitious. He abhors, above all things, artificiality and pretense. The signs of his profession may be conspicuous, but they are never counterfeit. Let it not be supposed that I am referring now to those mere ebullitions of animal spirits and temperament, which belong to the student in still greater degree than to Young America generally, and which make him appear, in the eyes of the casual observer, but little less than a braggart, and but little more than a trifler. I refer to his real life, to his habits of thought and study, to his sociality, to his usually earnest spirit, to his admiration of true worth, and to his unvarying hatred of whatever is mean and hateful. Some of these elements, which give to the student's character its general tone, and what of, excellence it may possess, it is my purpose very briefly to notice.

Although the student's theatre of action might appear, from a cursory examination, to be a narrow one, a little reflection will convince us that he is in no manner precluded from adopting a true and wholesome philosophy of life. His education teaches him to make the most of life's opportunities, its comforts and enjoyments. The student, if he be faithful, learns to believe, perhaps not in living fast, but at all events, in living a *great deal* within a given time. Now, even the luxury of *being*, not every person can appreciate. This delightful power belongs only to the sensitive and the cultivated. That was a beautiful sentiment expressed by Horne Tooke, when he said to Erskine, "if you had but obtained for me ten years of life in a dungeon, with my books, and a pen and ink, I should have thanked you." If life, under such circumstances, can be worth the living, what a glorious possession ought existence to become to most of us! The student has his books; he is holding unceasing communion with the thoughts of the great and good of past ages; he is free to study and admire the wondrous harmonies and beauties of nature; he has leisure for meditation; he is constantly surrounded by living examples of virtue; his facilities for social enjoyment are unequaled; why, then, should his theory of life be false? And why should he not make life and theory harmonize? Such noble advantages call for the development of a noble manhood, and this the appreciative student at once acknowledges. True, some of us may fail to catch the essential spirit of the life we have chosen. But that is a personal fault. I would not, at this point, attempt a homily, but here is this one thought. We, as students, are *professional* seekers after truth;—now, there are Nature and Art, Poetry, Philosophy and History—the grandest problems

of History are now in the process of a new solution in our very midst—ready to pour forth their treasures upon us, and thereby enhance a thousand-fold the value of existence, which of itself seems an inestimable prize:—to what extent, therefore, I may ask, can we afford to be idlers or dreamers?

Most men, we may readily admit, are open to the charge of idleness and imbecility. When crises come, we find those whom we thought brave and strong, unprepared. This faculty of keeping eyes and ears open, in order to detect the tokens of approaching danger, is as rare as it is valuable. The *true* student, in preparing for life's work and conflict, has opened to him the armories wherein are placed the most effective weapons. He knows that he must become, like the well-drilled soldier, undismayed at the severest tests of skill and courage.

There is a vast deal in the heroism of habit. To be brave, patient, and alert to-day, even though nothing wonderful may happen, is only laying by a stock of strength for the morrow. Your student of the right mold is terribly in earnest now and always. The passing moments, to him, are freighted with the precious interests of all the future. He cannot waver or falter under light burdens, for then, how shall he be able to bear heavier ones? In a College such as ours, we find the highest style of intellectual and social activity. The sleep of weariness we may consider pardonable; that of stupidity, never. That is a good saying of Napoleon, "that we should keep reason for our waking hours."

Here I may stop to consider one or two indictments which are frequently preferred against students. They are accused of being dreamy, romantic, unpractical. There certainly ought to be no more than a grain of truth in this accusation. The student may have his day-dreams, his castle-building, his bright visions of prospective fame and happiness, but these should be only as so many sources of present encouragement and inspiration. We are told,

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,"

and, in like manner, it may not be unwise to hold occasional converse with the future. Hope appears even less perishable than Memory, and foresight is oftentimes more useful than experience. Unpracticality is an attribute of the visionary schemer—of the man who has neither invention enough to discover new truths, nor judgment enough to make a proper use of old ones.

Another charge which the student is called to answer, is that of frivolity and lightness, of disinclination to serious effort. Well, we

can remember that a sage, sedate, unruffled countenance, is not always an index of wisdom. Besides, a cheerful heart and smiling face disarm vexations of half their power of annoyance. Nobody will hesitate to honor the laughing, before the crying philosopher. Whether we are devotees of business or of books, we cannot breathe continually the atmosphere of the work-shop or the sanctum. The whole-souled jollity, the pure love and keen appreciation of wit and humor, the lively sense of the ridiculous, and the never-failing good-nature which characterize the representative student, are admirable and indispensable qualities. The grotesque and the sad, the humorous and the serious, pleasure and pain, mirth and care, are strangely blended in this world of ours. But the disharmony, if any there be, is really less than it seems. Thomas Hood, although the great humorist and caricaturist of the age, exhibits, in his writings, the most touching pathos, and the purest sentiment, together with the most delicate expressions of sympathy for the lowly and the unfortunate. Hood lived in the midst of a thick cloud of sorrow, but his fancy and humor illumined it as with the brilliant rays of the clearest sunlight.

We may be sure that we can be gleeful without being thoughtless, and can taste of life's joys without overlooking its realities. Fortunate is he who can gladden care and toil by the sparklings of wit and the genial flow of a happy disposition.

The student, in common with all classes of men, has his objects of special respect and reverence. As the artist bows before the highest standards of taste and workmanship, so the student, having selected his model of excellence, pays to it at once an unquestioning deference. All men worship power in some form or other. In College, we believe in the power of Intellect. We ask, too, for a strong will and sterling character. In Emerson's words, we may call College students "a troop of thinkers, among whom the best heads take the first place." The "smartest" man in "Our Class,"—to use the regular phrase—best embodies our idea of a Hero. We demand, however, that he be *always* the Hero. He must be victorious, not in one contest, simply, but every time he enters the lists. Of course a champion must be ready to contest the palm with all comers, and if he lose the prize, he no longer stands as the foremost man. Why should not the sturdy intellect, that yields to no obstacles, receive the warmest respect and praise? There are so many of us who are weak and vacillating, that the man born to command need never lack followers. The Napoleons of history, by the energy of their own unaided brains, sway millions of men. Force always *will* assert itself. These best

men, among students, as elsewhere, must have room, and we often step aside for them, without being aware of what we are doing. We act, in this, instinctively and naturally. The Aristocrat of the Carolinas may despise the Yankee laborer, but he respects the inventive power of the Yankee intellect. Your fellow-student can do what you cannot, even in your best moments; he becomes, therefore, your oracle. So our College world reflects the world outside. Here, as there, the finest actors take the leading parts. Nobody can complain of this. We have a right to our Hero. And if we can only show him to be a real Achilles, we may claim for him, at the hands of others, all the honor which we are willing to pay him ourselves.

We are apt, at times, to imagine that the position a man occupies in College, affords no reliable indication concerning his success or failure in life. This idea is to some, perchance, quite consolatory, but, in the majority of instances, it eventually proves to be a false idea. A successful course in College, furnishes vantage-ground for the achievement of after triumphs. You can hardly expect that the man to whom you award to-day the meed of actual superiority, will change places with you ten years hence. Our College theories have frequently a deeper meaning than we had fondly supposed. We not only have now, but we shall continue to have, firm faith in men of sound and brilliant intellect.

But with this regard for good intellectual calibre, the student couples an unfeigned love for sociality. Nay, his creed even goes so far as to teach him, that to be sociable may be better, in a general way, than to be wholly intellectual. So-and-So is a jovial, generous fellow. Well, that is to you and me his sufficient recommendation. It is a pleasant fact, that no one is supposed to have been long in College, without having obtained a little of the wonderful elixir which renders men sweet-tempered and companionable. There is, in each Class, a richly flowing current of sympathy and good-fellowship, that reaches and improves the sourest temperament. Did you ever meet a student who failed to greet you in a hearty, off-hand style? If you have found such an one, set him down as incorrigible. He can never be softened. Four years, amid the social privileges the student enjoys, must make a man accessible, if he is ever to become so. And I must believe that none of us can entirely escape this influence. In every breast we may look for a spark of good, social feeling, which is capable of being enlivened. These cold, undemonstrative young men, most of all, ought to go to College. Not their books, but their class-mates will give them the most important part of their education.

I am aware that we find now and then a cautious, calculating individual, who cannot see the benefit of an active social training. He claims it leads to the adoption of wrong views of life and of human nature. It is unnecessary to undertake the refutation of an argument so plainly based on selfishness. Human nature, in our highest estimates, is low enough. A convenient way, usually, to avoid being cheated, is to give your neighbor credit for a reasonable share of honesty. We need have few fears, in these days, that our higher qualities of mind and heart will be too generously developed. For the man of liberal feelings and kindly sympathies, society can always afford a place.

I have, so far, been discussing general, rather than individual traits of student character. Of course College has on exhibition its specimens of eccentricity. There's the man who never says anything, and still another who never does anything. Here are drones and imbeciles. We can boast our universal geniuses, and our particular geniuses. This man is famous for abstraction: that one for waywardness. Then we have the book-worm, the Cynic, the recluse. All these follow each his own chosen course. But there is besides, a very small class of nondescript characters, who appear to have formed only a nominal connection with College. Like boys that go on errands because they are sent, this class of students do just what they are obliged to do, and no more. We might term them minus quantities. They are neither scholarly nor social. Such persons will at some time be aware of the great loss they are now sustaining. Recollections of past good things which might have been had for the asking, will be to them far from pleasant.

But how is it with the memories of College days? Will the true student, hereafter, pray for a nepenthe to enable him to forget? No, something tells us, and truly, that these scenes, as we shall look back upon them, will be ever bright, and fresh, and beautiful. We cannot doubt that our mode of life here, during these four swift-passing years, is full of value and significance, since the remembrance of it shall be able to quicken the pulse and brighten the eye of Old Age itself.

E. B. B.

Fighting.

At this time no apology is needed for taking this subject, even in a "Lit" article. While this hour passes, we should so thoroughly impress ourselves with the necessity and rightfulness of fighting, that hereafter no peace apostles shall be able to wheedle us into the belief that war material is useless. When then the millennium comes, all hands will know it, suddenly change their natures, become universally amicable, and live in peace ; but while the world rolls on as now, and human nature is the same, we believe that brave hearts and strong arms will be needed to fight. Believing this, we cannot help entering a protest when we hear men still talking about this "terrible war," and repeating the maudlin common-places of effeminate poets and defunct peace-congressmen.

Men love to fight. Good people sigh over it and make nursery rhymes. Ministers preach upon the evils of war and the fighting spirit ; but when war comes near them, when their friends are fighting for liberty, when victory must crown them or the world go backward. ah ! then they forget their lamentations over armies and battles, and can only say to their hearers, "go and fight." And they even take the sword themselves and go forth to fight with the living and pray over the dead. They do well ; for in this age God means that men should protect their rights by arms or lose them. No longer does He stay the sun in heaven to assist, or send His angel to smite the Philistines by night.

Yet men still shake their heads and wonder why the right must be upheld by such fierce means ; but is it any more strange than the fact of our own existence ? Who can explain the mystery of life, its sorrow, its pain, its sin ?

Let us turn to history a moment. It has been said, and rightly, that the history of the world is but a record of its wars. Modern peace-philosophers bewail the fact, and complain because the triumphs of peace were not recorded instead. But the case is, that the triumphs of quiet and ease are scarce, and hardly worth recording. What is more natural than to forget times of tranquillity, and remember times of war ? The monotonous days of existence, when the same round of duties and pleasures came and went, have passed from our minds like shadows ; but we never can forget those hours of fiery life when we

met and conquered some foe. It is our fighting that we remember, our victories over the elements, our struggle with sin; and so with nations. Their hours of life stamp themselves upon their history, and a nation is thoroughly alive only in time of war. Since we became a people, has any year of piping peace been so completely filled with thought, feeling, and action, as the year of revolution just passed?

But notwithstanding this same fact, good natured gentlemen may say that it is all wrong, though it may be necessary, considering the bad condition the world has got into. Let us open our Bible and see what we find. The Old Testament is little more than a record of wars. And how comes it, if wars are so utterly wrong and horrible, that the Lord speaks to the children of Israel, by the mouth of Moses his prophet, such words as these: "But of the cities of these people, which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth, but thou shalt utterly destroy them; *namely*, the Hittites, and the Amorites, the Canaanites, and the Perizzites, the Hivites, and the Jebusites, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee."

This sounds rather unlike the paternal language Uncle Abraham uses towards "our deluded southern brethren."

But if men who revere the Bible and its teachings tell us that with the new dispensation old things were done away, we answer, that Christ himself said, "I came not to bring peace upon earth but a sword." He saw plainly enough that right and wrong were mortal foes, and that passive submission was not the part of the champion of the right. Thus we see that history is, as it should be, a record of the conquests of right. It may seem blind if we look at this campaign or that conqueror,—but we know well, that from the beginning there has been progress. Once, at best only a few were free. Now, in many of our Northern states, all citizens of age, not disabled by crime or sex, have a voice in affairs. Once tools were few, work was mostly done by hand. Now, water, wind, and steam drive for us thousand-fingered machines. These are not, as we are apt to regard them, mere labor-saving contrivances, which serve no higher use than to let us take our ease. They demand of us intelligence, and give us in return leisure for books, and culture, and the daily society of friends. If, because we still see such evil, we fall to thinking that, with our intellectual advance, morals have fallen behind, let us call to mind the time when Christians slaughtered each other by millions, using many faggots to burn live bodies. Now they are content to postpone the fire and torture till after death. In looking over these things, we feel that the

world moves, but we see, too, that progress is slow; that it costs much toil, much blood, many tears. Why the order of things is thus arranged we cannot tell. We only know that so it is; that pain is as much a part of our lot as pleasure; that opposing forces meet us at every turn; that even nature scorches us, freezes us, drowns us, at every opportunity.

It is a favorite idea with the poets, that the world is a field of battle, and each life a dubious strife. So many have said it over, who did not half feel its truth, that it seems old and trite; but each time the true poet says it, we feel it is new, and men always will, till the world ends. If any sicken at a terrible battle, and long for peace, let them think what battles peace witnesses. What would they say of a garrison which held out twenty years, and at last died, every man at his post? Many a garrison of one holds the citadel of virtue, and never gives up. Many a poor woman supports a family, with a drunken, lazy husband, not twenty years, but all her life. Don't you suppose that she could thank God, with an unselfish heart, if a little of her husband's lost manhood revives, and sends him to die in the army? The battles that the poor fight are not the sparse contests of a three years volunteer service, but daily battles with want, from dawn till dark. There is no shirking to the rear, no wild excitement to fire the heart, no martial music to cause fatigue to be forgotten. How many hard battles with temptation have we, in our journey to death; and if we, favored with friends and education, get along so hardly, how is it with him who has no friends, no knowledge, no money? If a poor man keeps his honor, he is a greater hero than any general who wins victories.

Men have long enough got up a surface horror over the details of a battle. To hear some of our peace-men talk, one would think there was no such thing as violent death in the world anywhere else; that broken limbs and mangled bodies were never heard of before. It is all terrible enough, I allow, but there are wounds worse than a Miniè ball can make, and stabs deeper than bayonet thrusts. When I hear a man talking very loud about "the bursting shell, the dying groan," and the rest, I begin to think he is making a fool of himself, or trying to make a fool of me. For if we have immortal souls, what does it matter if our bodies suffer a few hours of intense pain, then die? It looks sad to see men shot down in the prime of life, and buried by strange hands in a distant land, but we rarely think that thousands of brave men are sacrificed every year to the god of commerce. Five hundred and thirty-six perished on the coast of Great Britain in the

year 1860. This was two hundred and sixty-four under the average of the last nine years. Now, if you will take the map of the world, and see what a small space the British Isles occupy, we can guess what an army perish every year by shipwreck. If to those wrecked on the coast, we add those who sail away, and are never heard from more, who go down in the deep sea, we feel that battles are not the only things that make broken hearts.

Our lives are all ended by death. The men who perish in battle must have died sometime, and the difference between peace and war is, that in war they die a little earlier, and all together. In war, the metropolitan dailies parade the round numbers in total, at the head of their columns. In peace, a few individuals get noticed in a country paper. They who are buried in uniform, the nation weeps over. Those who go down in a fishing smack, are thought of only by a few friends at home.

Our peace friends tell us of the young men of promise that perish in fight. May it not be better so? Who knows what a hard heart years may bring him? Care, and business, and dissipation, make sorry old men of many noble-hearted young men. It is harder to live than to die. Brave men rejoice to die in battle. Winkelried gathers in his breast a sheaf of Austrian spears, wins victory and fame. By the way, literature is under great obligations to war. Where would be our *Iliad*, our *Æneid*, but for the Trojan war? Where that grand-er epic, but for the war in heaven?

A friend suggests, that the tenor of my remarks would lead one to consider fighting a very respectable occupation, and induce everybody to engage in it. I would not have everybody enlist just now, though I think a few thousand more would be acceptable to the army of the *Potomac*. It would no more be possible for all men to turn soldiers, than to be all doctors, or merchants. A division of labor is necessary. As for respectability, fighting is just as honorable as any other business. Hoeing is very necessary, and right, if we hoe up weeds, but if we go into our neighbor's cornfield and hoe up his corn, the nature of our act would be changed materially. I would no more say that all fighting is right, than that all hoeing is praiseworthy. If a man in self-defence kill a black bear, or a red Indian, or a white Se-cesh, we can think no less of him; but if John Bull should take sides with the Confederates, his fighting against us to support a Slave Aristocracy would be quite reprehensible.

But I would not confine my definitions of a just war, to a war of self-defense. I would say, further, that whenever right is strong

enough to whip out wrong, right should pitch in, and thrash wrong soundly,—annihilate it if possible. This should be done, whether wrong gives any provocation or not. The very existence of evil is provocation enough for all good men to attempt its destruction.

What we want is, to consider the fight in us just what it is—a proper part of our nature. We need the spirit of resistance at all times. Evil is constantly striving to gain dominion. Ten thousand obstacles, perverse inclinations, inherited wrong habits must be fought against and overcome. So, for us who stay at home and lead lives of peace, there is enough to contend with. God grant we may come out victors at last. To those who can meet the armed foe, the duty is plain, the reward sure. Freemen shall honor them here, and the great dead will meet them with thanks on the shores of immortality. J. M. E.

The Atlantic Monthly and its Contributors.

THE first Number of the "Atlantic Monthly," was published in November, 1857. For many years there had been an evident want of some new periodical to satisfy the demand and remove some evils from the popular mind. Literary circles were having access to the foreign Reviews, but these reached only a small portion of even the leading men. Our own Reviews, only one or two of which deserved the dignity of the name, were devoted to politics; and they were reliable authorities neither as literary or scientific journals. The National Review treated a limited class of subjects, and these were only interesting to scholars or statesmen. There were also the usual number of Magazines, which had extensive circulation, but no substantial value. The condition of the people, who were becoming more intelligent each year, required that trashy, milk-and-water publications, should be superseded by a new order of Magazines. A revolution was called for in the reading world. The public rebelled against the cheap literature, which was disgracing the country. The national pride was aroused. It was considered derogatory to our own resources to depend upon England for valuable literary matter. America was rich in men of genius; it only remained to introduce these men to the

reading communities. A medium was required, through which the earnest thinkers of the age might communicate with the great mass of Americans. Such were the agencies which laid the foundation of the "Atlantic." It was not a financial speculation which created it, though it undoubtedly is amply remunerative.

The time of its origin was, seemingly, unpropitious. The whole country was under the cloud of a financial crisis. The volcano which burst forth in '37, had broken out again in '57. The establishment of a literary serial is always attended with difficulties and embarrassments. Could a literary effort rise and prosper, while firmly founded institutions were falling in the general wreck? Those who were attracted by the first number, prophesied its speedy termination. Those who took the responsibility of disregarding the times and making the experiment, were declared insane. The result, however, has vindicated the virtue of such insanity.

The style of the initiatory issue was exceedingly attractive and prepossessing. There was a dignity, so to speak, in the appearance and arrangement. There was no attempt at show. It was a plain and solid looking pamphlet. No extravagant advertising was attempted, by which great expectations could be aroused. It was allowed to come before the world quietly and modestly, and to gain favor from its own merits. This policy, which introduced it, and has since attended its publication, has been most advantageous to its interests. The first number was not a great effort. Each Article was well chosen, and well adapted to impress favorably those who examined it. Thus, those who read the earlier numbers were not disappointed in those which followed. The interest was permitted to increase, and not diminish. Before the first volume had been completed, the Atlantic was acknowledged the leading American Monthly. It was eagerly received by the public. Fashion gave it her powerful arm. It became the subject of polite conversation, and he who did not read the Atlantic, was classed with those who were unfamiliar with the latest Novel.

During the last six months of its publication, by the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., its value very much decreased. The Articles were not selected with the usual care. It probably suffered from the unsettled condition of the firm, which had recently lost a chief member and was on the eve of dissolution. These circumstances were injurious to the Magazine. But it was soon transferred to publishers celebrated for energy and ability. It immediately revived, and to the

gratification of its friends, continued to improve, until it surpassed its former self.

It was well understood by the public, at the commencement of its publication, that the talent of the country was engaged in its support. That circle of thinking men who live in Boston and its suburbs, comprises the soundest reasoners and most refined writers of the nation. Critics may sneer at their admiration of each other, but ridicule cannot remove the fact of their superior ability. If they admire each other, they also criticise each other before they send their productions to the press. The Tri-Montane City may well boast of her array of talent. Although a Yalensian in spirit, yet I admire the free-thinkers and independent writers, who have received culture and gained scholarship from the quiet teachings of our sister, Harvard. These were the men who filled the pages of the Atlantic in the days of its infancy. They formed the plan, and gave the creation their earnest aid. Now that the circulation has been extended over the whole Union, the contributors are more numerous. They are no longer the citizens of one city, but are scattered over the entire country. Wherever keen minds give vigorous thought to ready pens, thence go its contributions. It has crossed the Ocean, and brought to its columns the brightest and most genial of Foreign Essayists.

Whatever it promised in its prospectus it has studiously fulfilled. It has been careful to offend no sect; and no sect, except that extremely bigoted body who are watching for faults in others and blind to their own errors, has taken offence. In their violent opposition, these persons have raised against it the cry of Infidelity. Theologians, imprisoned by the high walls of frigid creeds, denounced it as pernicious in its influence, and anti-Christian in its tendency. They overlooked the fact that its columns were accessible to any, who could attain to the required standard of literary excellence. They failed to notice, that, in their servile attachment to exploded dogmas, they were falling behind the age in ability to write and think.

But after the first outcry, they began to respect the firm and impartial course which the Atlantic pursued. When they examined the object of their dread, they found it no evil demon, but a messenger of truth and intelligence. The Autocrat was no mocker of those religious customs which New England men revere, because their fathers loved them, but enthusiastic for the renovation of Society. Beneath his irony, sarcasm was the pure intent. His genial humor, which was full of purpose, could not fail to strike some spark of sympathy, even from those who were cold to his ideas. Denominational hatred led men to

the ridiculous conclusion, that those by whom the "Atlantic" was supported, would disgrace their reputation as liberal-minded men, by converting their organ to a mere Sectarian Periodical. Before a gun had been discharged, or a hostile measure taken, they began to hurl against it their invectives. The foe, however, was a phantom of their own imagination. Their prolonged attacks served only to open their own eyes to the humbling conviction that they had been hasty in judgment and in action. Their shafts never reached the Atlantic. Its present popularity proves, that it has abided faithfully by its prospective announcement, in which it declared itself the advocate of no sect or denomination.

The political career of the Atlantic has been true to the nationality which it represents. Yet it has been accused of a tendency towards Radicalism—that undefined term which will ever frighten silly people. Fogies—not Conservatives, for they are respectable people—committed the mistake of supposing, because certain contributors were Radicals, that the Publication must necessarily favor new political measures. They judged the political course of a Magazine from their knowledge of a few men who appeared in the list of contributors. They commenced their crusade against it before a political Article had been seen in its columns. But it has stood firmly by its declaration, that the maintenance of the Union is the only political object which it upholds. It has given place to the rarest thinkers of every party, only demanding the certificate of sterling patriotism and a true love for the Constitution. Let those who cried out before they were touched, Fogies—whose God is Inactivity, and whose peculiar detestation is Energy, read the articles of Everett, and some of their own party, and they will perhaps learn to respect what they hastily condemned.

Thus the Atlantic, having successfully contended with sectarian and political opponents, has become almost a national institution. The statesman reads it to reap instruction for his peculiar duties. The merchant and mechanic derive from it lessons in commerce and machinery. The scholar finds in its pages thoughts in harmony with his own. It is welcomed in the Drawing Room, the Study, the Workshop and the Counting-Room.

It comes within the sphere of all intelligent and sensible persons, and is establishing a new era in the history of Magazine Literature.

J. H. B.

“College Friendship.”

“A shaking of the hand at meeting and a shaking of the hand to part,” experience too often holds out as the beginning, the history, and the end of a College Friendship. It is true that a feeling so quickly formed may in as short a time be broken, that the separation of after-life may bring to the memory, a blank, to the heart, callousness. It is true that the speculations of theory should always bow down to the stern dictum of experience, and yet it does not seem too presumptuous for a student to say a few words to do away with this insult to our College Friendship, which we now regard as almost sacred. This plea also seems more natural when, on reflection, not one argument appears for this strange charge of disregard of ties dearest to every one of us. Understand, in the beginning, that no attempt is made to show that the remembrance of our College friends will in every case be life-long, but merely that it is more likely to be lasting than that of friendships formed at the same time of life in any other sphere. This treating of the case will only bring to light a point which every one of us will now grant, but which in life many are too apt to sneer at as a mere boyish fancy.

College is a world, distinct and separate from the larger world, in which we live for four years in a great measure by ourselves. It is for the time our only sphere of action, it contains for the time almost the entire circle of our friends, so that the student's life is all centered in College. After a few introductory words, then, concerning College itself, we will consider its peculiar aptness for forming friendships, and then theorize on the probability of their remaining in after-life. A band of young men enter College, collected from all parts of our country, coming from far different spheres of life, and in almost every case utter strangers to each other, yet almost immediately they are bound together by the ties of society, class, and College. All are here with the one common end in view, namely: to improve the mind, to educate for life. It is only necessary to consider how much the students are thrown together, how entirely life and interest are bound up in College, to make it most clear that for the time being College is the student's world. In an essay to *students*, this point neither demands nor admits of stronger proof than each one feels in his own heart. ,

College has however a peculiar aptness for forming friendships which we never meet with in the world itself. Five hundred young men are here collected together, equals in social position, and striving for

the one common end, education. At the very commencement, therefore, there is none of that shrinking which marks the meeting of strangers in the world, but rather a spontaneous opening of the heart towards every one as a *friend*. It is true that circumstances may and often do occur, which cause the most bitter enmities to spring up in place of the expected friendship, but these cases are extremely rare, and among students a direct hatred is almost never found. A generous opening of the heart towards every one, is with us the general feeling, rather than the more cautious shrinking from a close communion until direct arguments can be found for the forming of a friendship.

Although this peculiar openness would be fraught with the greatest danger among men of the world, yet our position here is such that it is at the same time the most natural and safest mode of proceeding. Thus a general feeling of friendship is engendered, which remains at least during the course of four years.

These are not, however, the friends that are to be remembered in life, for although each and every one may be worthy of such remembrance, yet on this point the memory must surely prove traitor even if the heart remains true. But even this general feeling, granting that it is only temporary, most effectually paves the way for the forming of closer friendships; and these, I contend, should be and are carried out into life. From the larger number, each one singles out a few who are to be to him not merely companions, but *friends*. And this is more easy of accomplishment because, although we are, indeed, all striving for one common end, yet it is hardly a contest, but rather a journeying on together, where each one can assist another, but no one can gain much by his neighbor's fall. Prizes alone stir up a feeling of rivalry, and they even tend to produce a friendly contest rather than bitter jealousy, as they, in no respect, clash with the one great end, improvement of the mind. Interest, therefore, is never thrown into the scale for the decision of our friendships, but the heart rather than the mind makes the choice. A mere glance at student-life is a sufficient argument for the truth of this assertion, for friends are here dissimilar in taste and feeling, birth and position, politics and religion. Thus friendship is formed on the purest and hence the most stable grounds—interest is not the power which works it out, but rather the secret magnetism of the heart. The complete isolation, also, of College life, is a most powerful agent in strengthening the social system. Banded together, apart from home, friends and associations, similarity of position breeds a mutual confidence which invariably places friendship on its very broadest basis.

And does any reason appear for the disregard of such friendships in life? I grant that they may be broken by the lapse of many years, that land and sea may separate friends, but I contend that all these will never bring forgetfulness. All go forth in life together, all educated men, all taking the places of educated men, and hence still joined in a communion, although not as close, yet far more permanent than at College. In this it is easy to discern a strong argument for the perpetuity of the feelings so lately and so prosperously formed. It is more like the members of one common family entering together a community. As *they* are more likely to cling to their old friendship, so it would seem unnatural for students to lay aside their old feelings and put on new.

It cannot be that College life is so shallow, that all our feelings are so artificial as to give to this disgraceful charge even the semblance of reality. It is more pleasant, and, I believe, even more natural, that the mind should forget all the learning which it derives from College, than that the heart should prove traitor to friends, now regarded as beyond all price. I cannot think that the circumstance in "John Brent," which has direct bearing on this point, is by any means an unusual one, for it must be remembered that the writer was once a student himself. The current of College Friendship is there represented as having been broken, by the press of circumstances, for the lapse of many years, but the shake of the hand, joined again the circuit and the current flowed on with intensity redoubled. This, I take it, is the true type of College Friendship.

The parting of the Class, which so lately bade farewell to Yale and to each other, suggested this train of reflection. Can it be that this feeling, apparently so deep, is all a farce; that it can so utterly overcome a strong man to part from a friend who will be forgotten to-morrow? The answer was loud for the perpetuity of College Friendship, the conviction firm that in after years the tear of joy at meeting, would rush to the eye as readily as does now the tear of sorrow at parting from our College Friends.

J. F. K.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

The record of events transpiring in the College community since our last issue, is necessarily brief. The month of July is a period of comparatively quiet and hard study, between the varied and interesting exercises of Presentation week, and the more staid and dignified performances of Commencement week.

Townsend Premiums.

There was omitted from our last No., the notice of the award of the Townsend Premiums, to the Class of '62.

They were awarded to George M. Beard, Daniel H. Chamberlain, Franklin McVeagh, Richard Morse, Geo. C. Ripley, and Robert K. Weeks.

One of the six premiums was at first awarded to James P. Blake; but as a long and severe illness prevented him from speaking for the DeForest Gold Medal, he generously surrendered his prize, and the final award was made as above.

Our readers will be pleased to find the fine, manly oration of Mr. Blake, in the present No. of the Lit.

The DeForest Gold Medal.

The speaking for the DeForest Gold Medal occurred on Friday, June 27th, in the Chapel, in the following order.:

1. MILTON'S COMUS.

Robert K. Weeks, *New York City.*

2. MILTON'S COMUS.

George C. Ripley, *Norwich, Conn.*

3. THE DECAY INCIDENT TO A HIGH STATE OF CIVILIZATION.

Daniel H. Chamberlain, *Worcester, Mass.*

4. THE DECAY INCIDENT TO A HIGH STATE OF CIVILIZATION.

Richard Morse, *New York City.*

5. MILTON'S COMUS.

George M. Beard, *Andover, Mass.*

6. THE DECAY INCIDENT TO A HIGH STATE OF CIVILIZATION.

Franklin McVeagh, *West Chester, Penn.*

The Medal was awarded to Mr. D. H. Chamberlain.

His Oration appeared in the last No. of the Lit.

Declamation Prizes.

On Saturday, July 12th, the following prizes, for excellence in Declamation, were awarded to the Class of '64.

FIRST DIVISION.		SECOND DIVISION.
1st Prize,	Wm. E. Barnett,	H. C. Jessup.
2d "	H. P. Boyden,	Lewis Gregory.
3d "	{ M. C. D. Borden, C. H. Burnett,	F. A. Judson.
THIRD DIVISION.		FOURTH DIVISION.
1st Prize,	H. S. Phetteplace,	{ J. W. Teal. M. H. Williams.
2d "	A. D. Miller,	Job Williams.
3d "	{ W. H. Palmer, W. H. B. Platt,	J. W. Sterling.

The Length of our Race Course.

The following item will, we trust, prove of interest to the boating community.

Messrs. Bunce and Mead, of the Engineering School, and Mr. Champion, of the Law School, feeling a curiosity to know the exact length of the race course pulled over by the College boats, went recently to the East side of the harbor, and made an accurate survey.

By the kindness of Mr. Champion, we are favored with the result of their calculations, with permission to use it in the *Lit*, where we are happy to give it a permanent record.

The distance, from the stake where the Commodore's boat was fastened in the last race, to the Black Buoy, is 7,143 feet, making the whole course 1,554 feet short of three miles—or 206 feet more than 2 2-3d miles. Thus, the whole course lacks more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile of the proper length. The calculation may be relied upon, as the triangles were calculated by two entirely different methods, with a variation in the result of only three feet.

We learn that the course of the Harvard students, upon the Charles River, varies but a few feet in length from our own, as above calculated.

Award of Scholarships.

The Berkeley Scholarship, for this year, has been awarded to Arthur Goode-nough, of Jefferson, N. Y. The Clark Scholarship, to John P. Taylor, of Andover, Mass.

The Death of Mr. Herrick.

Some notice of this sad event should, properly, have appeared in our last issue. Mr. Herrick was the first publisher of this Magazine. He always manifested a warm interest in its welfare, and occasionally contributed items to these pages.

There must be feelings of peculiar sadness to the more recent Graduates of our College, as they this week visit their Alma Mater, and view the places left vacant by that circle of great and good men, who have so recently been removed from us.

We say the *recent* Graduates, because they enjoyed association with the whole circle, as none of us who are now here have done, and they, more than those who graduated earlier, had the privilege of that intercourse, when the departed ones were in the ripeness of years,—the golden period of their life.

Mr. Edward C. Herrick died in New Haven, his native place, June 11th, 1862.

At the time of his death he was Treasurer of the College, having held that position since 1852.

He was Librarian from 1843 to 1852.

His eminent knowledge of books, and precise memory of all that related to them, and his methodical and active business habits, gave him a remarkable fitness for each of these positions. His peculiar intercourse with the students, endeared him to nearly all who graduated here. His life is a bright example of patient industry, wisely directed effort, and sincere piety.

We are sure that our readers will be glad to have recorded here, the already published estimate of his character, prepared by one of our most esteemed Professors, which is as beautiful as a specimen of composition, as it is just and appreciative.

"Though Mr. Herrick led a life of active business, he had made remarkable acquisitions in many branches of science and literature. In entomology, practical astronomy, history, and bibliography, he was eminent for exact and comprehensive attainments, and for painstaking and persevering research.

"In that varied and miscellaneous knowledge which was congenial to a person of his comprehensive curiosity, his active habits and his iron diligence, he had scarcely his equal in the University, and the extensive correspondence which he maintained for years with persons of varied pursuits, residing in every part of the country, is both an evidence that his knowledge was extensive and highly prized, and a monument to his industry and his disinterestedness. As a man of business he was distinguished for quickness, sagacity, and the rarest integrity. The whole community knew him as one of the few in whom all might confide, and whom none could possibly suspect. His reputation in these respects was such as but few mortals attain or deserve.

"As a friend he was affectionate and true—spending his services and his care for all that needed them, and often doing this with a lavish hand. Few men have cherished so sacredly, and have exemplified so perfectly the saying of the Lord Jesus, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' His habits of life, interesting and peculiar as they were—his genial severities and his good-natured asceticism—his charming simplicity—his delight in nature—his generous readiness to serve his friends—his kindness to the poor—his genuine yet never malignant hatred of oppression, injustice, and trickery—his pining love for his mother, with many nameless traits, peculiar and unique, were wrought together into a character of charming interest to the friends who delighted in his society, and never ceased to wonder at the singular and yet not inharmonious blending of traits appropriate to Socrates and the apostle John.

"His thoughts and hopes, his aspirations and desires, have for years been in the world of spirits. 'His soul was like a star and dwelt apart.' His life has long been hid with Christ in God. Though he said but little concerning his religious feelings, and gathered about them the thickest mantle of reserve, yet he could not hide from his intimate friends the secret, that he walked with God in a humble, affectionate, and obedient spiritual life. He died as he would have chosen to die, with brief warning, yet with distinct premonition—with little alarm to his friends and with perfect peace to himself. His friends cannot but grieve at their loss, but he will long live in the elevating influences which his cherished memory shall inspire."

Yale Soldiers.

We take pleasure in inserting the following list of Yale Men who have entered the army. Our thanks are due those by whom it has been prepared.

1862.

A. Egerton Adams, 2d Lieut., 7th New York Mounted Rifles.
 Harvey H. Bloom, 1st Lieut., 5th Excelsior. (Resigned.)
 Francke H. Bosworth, Private, 18th Ohio. (3 months.)
 Henry M. Deniston, Paymaster U. S. Gunboat, "Winona."
 John J. Griffith, Private, 14th Brooklyn. (3 months.)
 Walter L. McClintock, Private, 12th Penn. (3 months.)
 William McClurg, Private, 9th Penn. Reserves.
 William H. Miller, Captain, "Ellsworth Avengers," 44th N. Y. Died in Camp before Yorktown, Va., April 30th, 1862.
 Thomas Skelding, Captain, "Duryea Zouaves." (Resigned.)
 Grosvenor Starr, Adjutant, 7th Conn. Died at Tybee Island, March 5th, 1862.
 Frank Stanwood, 2d Lieut., 5th U. S. Cavalry.
 Edwin Stewart, Paymaster U. S. Gunboat "Pembina."
 F. Irving Knight, Medical Cadet.
 Jacob S. Bockee, Recruiting.
 Henry P. Johnston, "
 Thomas B. Kirby, "
 Chas. H. Rowe, "
 Andrew F. Shiverick, "
 John Graham, Rebel Army.
 Amos R. Taylor, "

1863.

Apgar, Captain, N. Y. Regiment.
 Appleton, Gen Abercrombie's staff—Capt.
 Atwater, 1st Lieut., 1st Conn. Cavalry.
 Atherton, Capt. Comp. G., 10th Conn.
 Bacon, Adj. 1st Conn. (3 months.)
 Beckwith, Vermont Regiment.
 Blakeslee, Capt. Comp. A., 1st Conn. Cavalry.
 Bradford, Chaplain 12th Conn.
 G. C. Brown, Capt. 38th N. Y. Killed at Williamsburg.
 G. H. Bundy, Medical Cadet.
 Dewey, Ass. Quartermaster N. C. Cavalry. (Rebel.)
 Eakin, Capt. Tenn. Regiment. (Rebel.) Prisoner at Chicago.
 Ewin, Gen. Zollicoffer's staff. (Rebel.)
 Fletcher, Corp. Co. F, 77th N. Y.
 Grant, Private 7th N. Y. Engineer corps.
 Heller, Private 93d Penn. Wounded at Fair Oaks. (Died.)
 Matteson, Lieut. Colonel, Ill. Yates' Sharp Shooters.
 Morris, Capt. Wisconsin Regiment.
 McMaster, Lieut. Ira Harris Cavalry.
 Osgood, Mass. 25th.
 U. N. Parmelee, Private Ira Harris Cavalry.

Partridge, N. Y. Regiment.
 Payne, Capt. Ill. Yates' Sharp Shooters.
 Sallade, Private 93d Penn.
 W. F. Smith, Private 6th Conn.
 Verplank, 1st Lieut., Regt. Artillery. Gen. Barry's staff.
 Waterman, Ill. Regiment.
 Stephen Whitney, Lieut. Regular Artillery.
 M. Winslow, Sergeant N. Y. Regiment.

1864.

C. H. Conner, Commissary Department.
 W. A. Brien, (Rebel.)
 G. F. Fogg, "
 R. T. Kilpatrick "
 W. A. Kimball, Private 10th Conn.
 O. M. Knapp.
 M. M. Miller, Private 45th Ill.
 C. C. Mills, A. A. G.
 G. B. Sanford, U. S. Cavalry.
 J. W. Yeatman, (Rebel.)

1865.

F. Miller, Lieut Wis. Regiment.
 Ed. Barnard, 25th Mass.
 G. W. Allen, Private Lyon Regiment, 15th Conn.
 Robert Grant, N. Y. Regiment.
 J. H. Thompson, " "

Editor's Table.

Time and space permit us but a brief chat this month with our readers. The late issue of our last Number has thrown almost the entire preparation of this into Examination week. If it bears marks of haste, we beg your kindly indulgence. Notwithstanding all suppositions to the contrary, Editors are human beings, as our own experience will testify. After driving the quill for the most of two or three nights in succession, relieving ourselves now and then by perusing the excellent Chemical Primer of our worthy Senior Tutor, (his first attempt at authorship we suspect, and a complete success too,) and the hardly less interesting treatises upon Logic and Astronomy, with occasionally a few pages of yellow "proof," we begin to have a feeling creeping over us, kindred to what we suppose other mortals would have under the same circumstances.

Well, vacation is coming and we propose to devote the most of it to what we conceive to be its legitimate purpose,—doing nothing, and resting from the exertion alternately. Vacations are great institutions, and we wish they came oftener, only as the man said in reference to Sunday, that we ought to be thankful it did not occur in the middle of the week and thus make a broken week of it; so we can conceive it would make the Faculty a deal of trouble, if vacation should by any “illicit process” happen to come in the middle of the term.

'64, according to all accounts, has passed its Biennial bravely. In regard to Biennial Jubilee, we cannot speak so confidently. It came off as usual at Savin Rock, and the customary arrangement with the clerk of the weather was made for a pleasant day. The dinner was of *course* fine, the arrangements of the efficient committee excellent, the performances of the Band splendid, the toasts and speeches unrivalled, and the whole occasion “everything that could be desired.” No, not quite so well as that. Every occasion of this kind has certain features, which a better and purer taste would omit, and the absence of which would increase the *real* enjoyment of the festival ten-fold. Now that the occasion for their use has passed, we trust we shall be spared the sight of those ridiculously horrible and horribly ridiculous *hats*. By the way, it was quite a cute joke,—the placing of one of those unsightly things over one of the towers of the Library building, as was done a few nights since. Singularly enough, it was first discovered on the next morning, by some men in '64. The band of incipient Astronomers in '63 were called to the rescue, who calculated the “right *ascension* in time” to be about one o'clock, A. M.; the *declination* a few minutes later, with a large “angular motion;” the moral obliquity very small, hardly an “appreciable quantity.” The *unknown* hero of the deed received great “kudos” until the next day, when a small boy, without “foreign help,” performed a similar feat upon the other tower.

The drawing of choices for College rooms is always quite an event. This year there was rather more excitement than usual, on account of a new construction, by the Locating Officer, of the College laws relating to the subject. Would it be amiss if our worthy Faculty should appoint a Committee, with “power to send for persons and papers,” and leave to sit during recess, for the purpose of making a revision of the College Laws, both those in relation to this matter, and those which in a neatly printed pamphlet will be *presented* to the members of the Freshmen Class next September. It is a prevalent opinion that the language and the regulations might safely be brought down so as to apply to circumstances within a half century, of the present—say the last part of the 18th, or the early part of the 19th. After the choices were drawn, there was the usual amount of “speculation in real estate” on the part of the high choice men, and the usual effort to get particular “crowds” for certain entries. The selection of rooms was soon made, and we are now all prospectively located for the coming year. We think it a most interesting and useful arrangement which requires us to take up our beds and walk, at the end of every twelve-month, for it gives the beds an airing, gets us accustomed to what may be our lot in the future, and give an opportunity to the humble Contrabands who frequent this region, to turn an honest penny “for services rendered.”

The campaign just now is waxing earnest, and all the available forces of each Society are brought into action. By the way, we think we have shown a generosity unparalleled, owing allegiance to the Brothers as we do, in that we consented to take this Number of the Lit. off the hands of the Linonia President, in order that

he might devote his precious time and his unrivalled abilities, solely, exclusively, undividedly, and entirely to the interests of Linonia.

If that Society should happen to succeed in the present contest, (a supposition made with an antecedent probability that it will never become a fact,) we do not say that we should repent of our courtesy, but we should consider it a mysterious dispensation. We trust that all whose Society patriotism prompts them to do mighty battle in the great campaign, will have a good time, using all care to keep cool, and to keep good natured; and will meet that degree of success which the causes they severally represent deserve.

We wish our Government would learn a little wisdom from our manner of conducting campaigns, and endeavor to infuse a little of our spirit into its army corps. We make our campaigns short, vigorous and effective; and though we have a great many "strategetical movements", they do not often consist in a change of the base of operations in the face of the enemy.

We had intended to say a few words in regard to the extensive fabrications of the Muscular Editor, and the Long Man of the Board, in their recent issues, affecting ourselves, but as they are both out of town, and we should not therefore gain the notoriety of a thrashing at their hands, we leave the matter to its deserved obscurity.

Wishing for all our readers and contributors, (not a very numerous host these last,) a pleasant vacation and a safe return at its termination, we bid them, one and all, our Editorial "good bye."

OUR EXCHANGES.

We have now lying upon our Table the "New Englander" for July, the "Atlantic" for August, the "Knickerbocker" for July and August, "Vanity Fair," five numbers, and "Harpers' Weekly," three numbers. A goodly pile truly, and one from which we promise ourselves a rich treat for our leisure hours.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We remind our friends of the necessity of sending in their pieces early next term, in order that they may appear in the October Number.

TO UNDERGRADUATES.

The prize annually offered by the Board of Editors, consisting of a gold medal valued at twenty-five dollars, will be again offered for competition next term. The following conditions are to be observed:—every competitor must be a member of the Academical department and a subscriber to this Magazine; his essay must be a prose article, not exceeding ten pages of the Lit., must be signed by an assumed name, accompanied by a sealed envelope containing his real name, and must be sent to the undersigned on, or before Saturday, Oct. 18th.

The committee of judges will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, who will studiously avoid anything calculated to throw the least light upon the name of a single contestant until the prize has been awarded.

J. F. KERNOCHAN, Chairman Board of Editors.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



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Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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